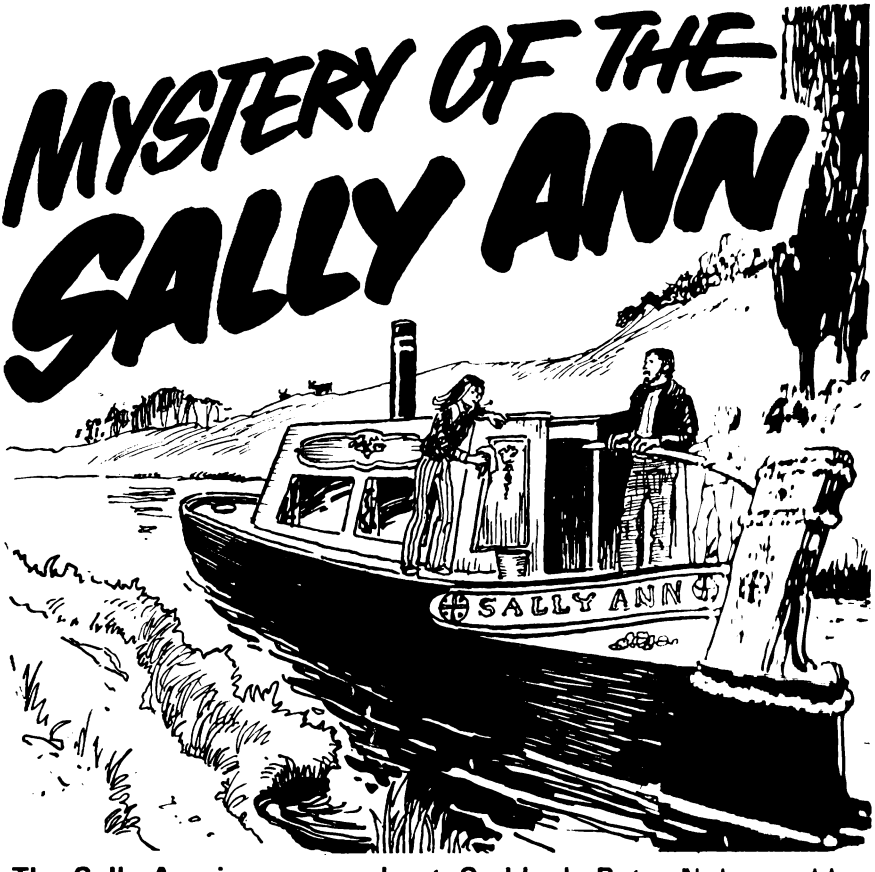
Debbie

12p

PICTURE STORY LIBRARY FOR GIRLS No.26

MYSTERY OF THE SALLY ANN



The Sally Ann is a narrow boat. Suddenly Patsy Nolan and her brother find themselves in sole charge. Can they cope not only with the boat but with the mysterious "happenings" as well?

Find out in —

MANDY LIBRARY Nº26

GET YOUR COPY TODAY!

DI'S DISGUISES

DI DEMPSTER was a girl who knew exactly what she wanted to do when she left school.

I WANT TO THRILL THE AUDIENCE WITH MY COURAGE, AS JOAN OF ARC AT THE STAKE—

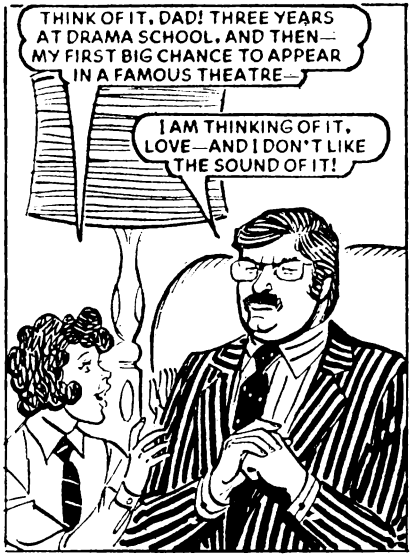
—TO SEE THEM SPLIT THEIR SIDES WITH LAUGHTER, AT MY COMIC CHAR-LADY ACT...
OH, DI YOU ARE PRICELESS!

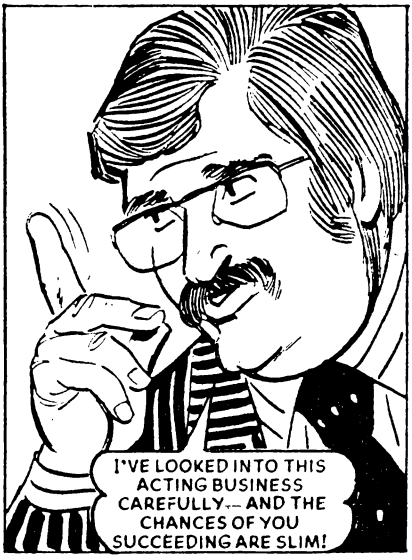
TO SHOUT "LAND AHOY! AFTER SEVENTY DAYS AT SEA. I SPY AN ISLAND COMING UP ON OUR STARBOARD BOW—"
BUT, DI—WHAT WILL YOUR FATHER SAY? I THOUGHT HE DISAPPROVED OF EVERYTHING TO DO WITH THE STAGE?

YOU'RE RIGHT, OF COURSE—HE DOES. HE WANTS ME TO WORK FOR HIM IN DEMPSTER'S DEPARTMENT STORE.

AND THAT'S WHY IT'S UP TO ME TO MARCH INTO BATTLE, TO CHANGE HIS MIND!

So-
WELL. NOW WHAT WOULD YOU SAY, DAD, IF YOU SAW THE NAME OF DI DEMPSTER, UP IN LIGHTS?
PARDON?
4


THINK OF IT, DAD! THREE YEARS AT DRAMA SCHOOL, AND THEN— MY FIRST BIG CHANCE TO APPEAR IN A FAMOUS THEATRE—
I AM THINKING OF IT, LOVE—AND I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF IT!


I'VE LOOKED INTO THIS ACTING BUSINESS CAREFULLY— AND THE CHANCES OF YOU SUCCEEDING ARE SLIM!

IT'D BE DIFFERENT FOR ME, DAD.
OF COURSE IT WOULD BE DIFFERENT! ONCE IN A LIFETIME THEATRE AUDIENCES ARE ENCHANTED BY A LEADING LADY WITH A FACE OF SUCH BEAUTY THAT THEY COMPLETELY FALL IN LOVE WITH HER.

...AND NOW I'VE TO BE CRUEL TO BE KIND, LOVE—YOU WEREN'T BORN WITH A FACE LIKE THAT—
GOSH, DAD—I DON'T MIND! I DON'T WANT TO BE A PRETTY LEADING LADY.

I WANT TO BE THE GREATEST CHARACTER ACTRESS THE STAGE HAS EVER SEEN!

Mr Dempster wanted to be fair to his daughter, so next morning as he gave Di a lift to school . . .
ALL RIGHT, I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE. YOU'VE GOT EXACTLY TWO WEEKS TO TURN UP AT MY STORE, IN A DISGUISE THAT HAS ME COMPLETELY FOOLED—
DEMPSTER
— AND IF I SUCCEED, YOU'LL LET ME GO TO DRAMA SCHOOL? OKAY, DAD! I ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE!
HMMM . I'M GOING TO NEED COSTUMES, PROPS, MAKE-UP . . .
7

...BUT YOU WON'T NEED THEM YET! YOU'LL DO ONE HOUR'S DETENTION FOR DAYDREAMING IN THE MIDDLE OF MATHS!

Later that day, at the local charity shop.
ON THIS RAIL 50P
THE EASIEST WAY TO GET INTO DEMPSTER'S STORE IS TO WALK IN THROUGH THE FRONT DOORS AS A CUSTOMER. BUT I'LL HAVE TO ACT THE PART OF A VERY SPECIAL KIND OF CUSTOMER, IF I'M TO ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF THE MANAGING DIRECTOR HIMSELF.

WELL? WHAT D'YOU THINK?
I THINK THAT GOWN WAS DESIGNED FOR SOMEONE RATHER OLDER THAN YOU, MY DEAR—AND CONSIDERABLY PLUMPER—

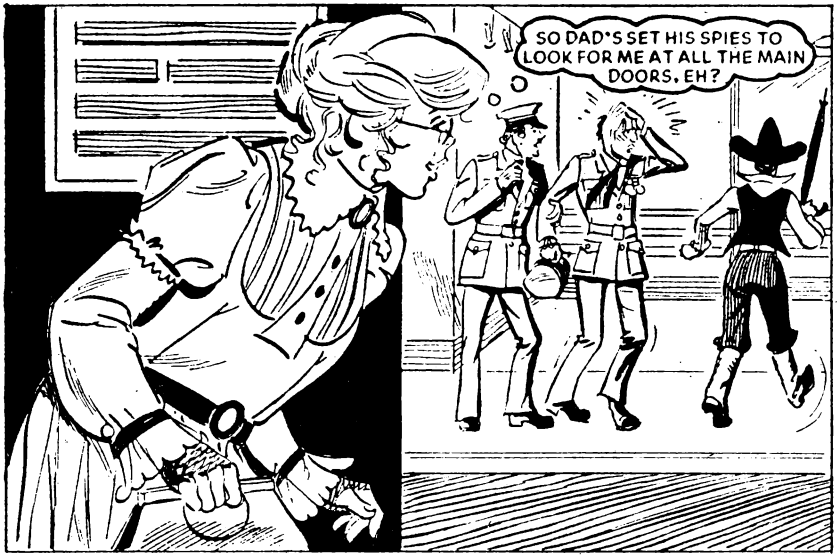
BUT THAT'S EXACTLY WHY IT'S SO PERFECT! HERE'S YOUR MONEY— NO NEED TO WRAP THE DRESS UP.

I'LL NEED SHOES TO FIT THE CHARACTER, OF COURSE. I'LL BORROW A PAIR FROM DAD'S HOUSEKEEPER, I THINK, AND STUFF THE TOES WITH TISSUE PAPER, TO FIT. THEN SOME SPECS WOULD PROBABLY COME IN HANDY.

Meanwhile, Mr Dempster was making his own plans.
REMEMBER... WITHIN THE NEXT FEW DAYS, SOME FEMALE IS GOING TO TRY TO GET INTO MY STORE WEARING A DISGUISE. I'M OFFERING A FIVE POUND BONUS TO THE FIRST OF YOU COMMISSIONAIRES TO SPOT THE PHONEY!
THANK YOU, MR DEMPSTER, SIR. YOU CAN COUNT ON US!

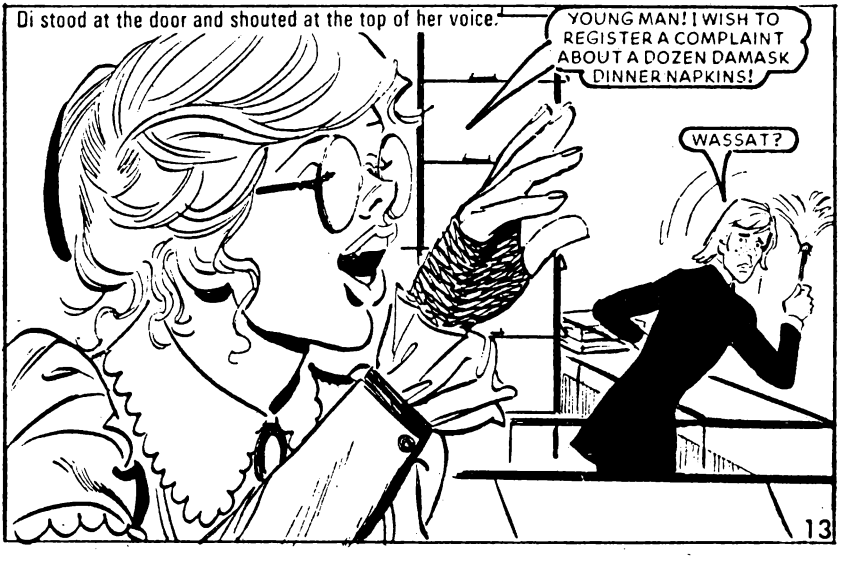
So, next morning . . .
WHAT D'YOU RECKON, HERBERT?
I RECKON THAT ONE IS IN DISGUISE FOR SURE—

EXCUSE ME, MISS—BUT YOU'RE DI DEMPSTER, AREN'T YOU? YOUR FATHER SAID YOU MIGHT TURN UP IN A—ER—FUNNY OUTFIT!
IDIOT! MY NAME IS SENORA PILAR DE RODERIGO MONTDRAGO—AND THESE ARE THE BEST CLOTHES I CAN BUY IN SOUTH AMERICA!

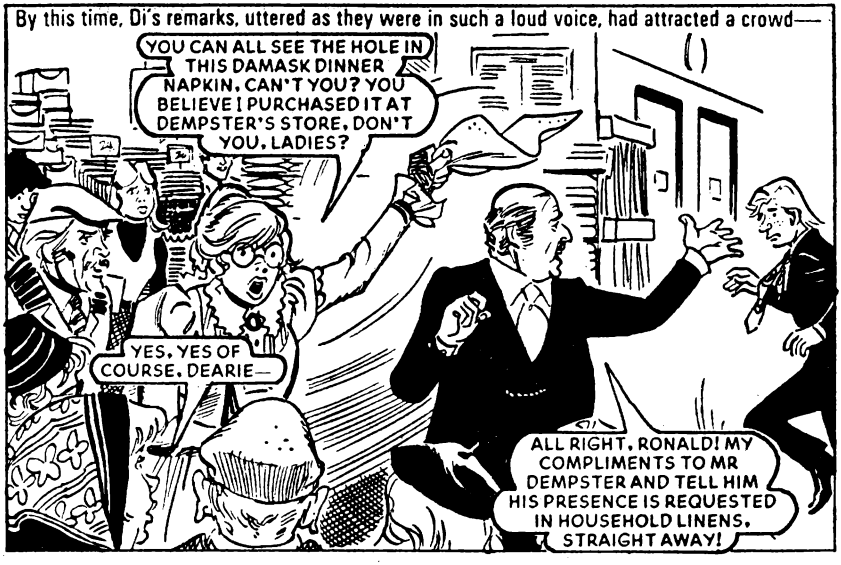

SO DAD'S SET HIS SPIES TO LOOK FOR ME AT ALL THE MAIN DOORS, EH?

LUCKILY, THOUGH, HE'S LEFT THE SIDE ENTRANCE UNGUARDED!

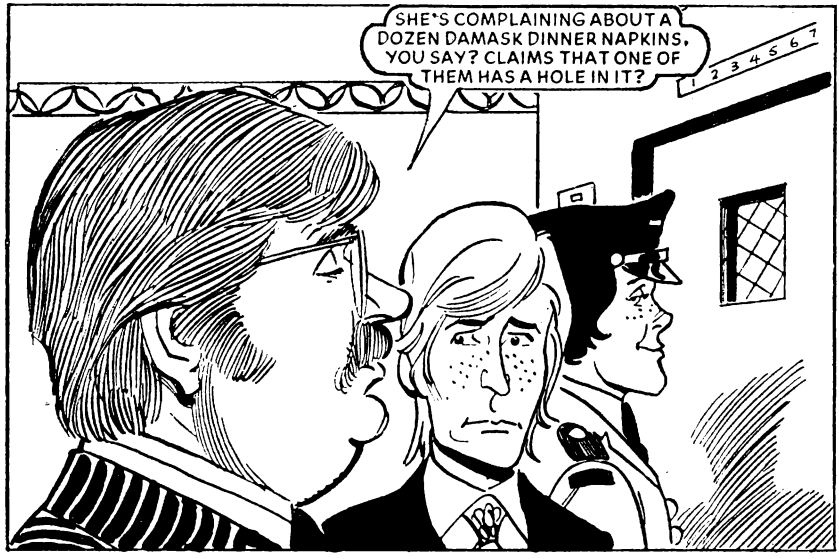
HERE GOES!


Di stood at the door and shouted at the top of her voice.
YOUNG MAN! I WISH TO REGISTER A COMPLAINT ABOUT A DOZEN DAMASK DINNER NAPKINS!
WASSAT?

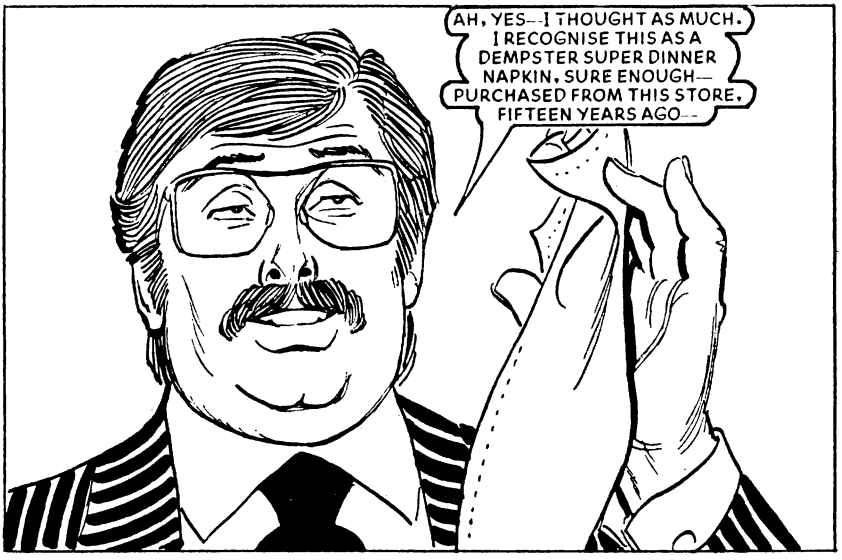
I MEAN COULD IT BE THAT MADAM IS MISTAKEN? WE SELL ONLY LINEN NAPKINS IN THIS DEPARTMENT, DEEP-DYED AS YOU SEE, IN FASHION SHADES OF AUBERGINE, CINNAMON AND SAGE—
NOW, MADAM I'M SURE WE CAN SETTLE THIS LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING AMICABLY
NUMBSKULL - THERE IS NO MISUNDERSTANDING! I PURCHASED THIS NAPKIN HERE, AND I WISH TO COMPLAIN ABOUT ITS QUALITY IF NECESSARY, TO THE MANAGING DIRECTOR HIMSELF!
STOP BURBLING, BOY, AND FETCH ME YOUR DEPARTMENT MANAGER! DOUBLE DAMASK DINNER NAPKINS I SAID—AND DOUBLE DAMASK DINNER NAPKINS I MEANT!


By this time, Di's remarks, uttered as they were in such a loud voice, had attracted a crowd—
YOU CAN ALL SEE THE HOLE IN THIS DAMASK DINNER NAPKIN, CAN'T YOU? YOU BELIEVE I PURCHASED IT AT DEMPSTER'S STORE, DON'T YOU, LADIES?
YES, YES OF COURSE, DEARIE—
ALL RIGHT, RONALD! MY COMPLIMENTS TO MR DEMPSTER AND TELL HIM HIS PRESENCE IS REQUESTED IN HOUSEHOLD LINENS, STRAIGHT AWAY!

SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, SIR —BUT THIS CUSTOMER INSISTS ON SEEING YOU PERSONALLY. YOU'VE NEVER HEARD ANYBODY MAKING SUCH A FUSS!


SHE'S COMPLAINING ABOUT A DOZEN DAMASK DINNER NAPKINS, YOU SAY? CLAIMS THAT ONE OF THEM HAS A HOLE IN IT?
1 2 3 4 5 6 7

WELL NOW, MADAM—IF I COULD JUST EXAMINE THE ARTICLE IN QUESTION?


AH, YES—I THOUGHT AS MUCH. I RECOGNISE THIS AS A DEMPSTER SUPER DINNER NAPKIN. SURE ENOUGH— PURCHASED FROM THIS STORE. FIFTEEN YEARS AGO—

—FOR USE AT MY OWN DINNER TABLE! THE GAME'S UP, DI—
OUCH! I'VE BEEN UNMASKED —NOT TO SAY UNWIGGED!

But, as Di left the store—
THERE ARE THIRTEEN DAYS OF MY FORTNIGHT LEFT! YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF ME YET, DAD!

TROUBLE IS, I HAVEN'T GOT A CLUE HOW TO SET ABOUT TRYING TO FOOL DAD, NEXT TIME!

PSST! NEED ANY HELP?
MMM?

I RECKON YOU'VE GOT SOME KIND OF DARE ON WITH YOUR DAD. AM I RIGHT?
SPOT ON. CHARLIE. HEY IS THIS YOUR TEA-BREAK? I'LL BUY YOU A CUPPA. AND WE CAN HAVE A CHAT.

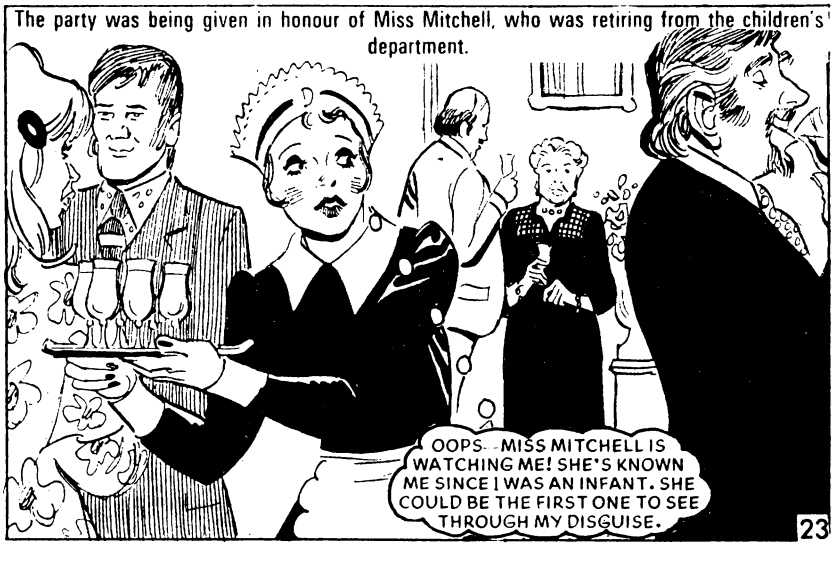
Young Charlie Myles was a lift attendant at the store.

Two days later, at the back of the store.
HERE'S THE UNIFORM YOU'LL NEED, MISS DEMPSTER.
C'MON, CHARLIE—WE'RE PARTNERS IN CRIME. IT'S TIME YOU STARTED CALLING ME DI!

STAFF LOCKER ROOM
OKAY, DI— YOU CAN CHANGE IN THE STAFF LOCKER ROOM. NOBODY'S THERE AT THIS TIME OF DAY. AND IF ANYONE ASKS — YOU'RE THE EXTRA WAITRESS TAKEN ON TO SERVE AT THE RETIREMENT PARTY TONIGHT, IN THE EXECUTIVE DINING ROOM.

Di changed quickly in the staff room.
HMM—DAD'S NOT GOING TO RECOGNISE ME THIS TIME—
—ESPECIALLY NOW I'VE PUT ON THIS MAKE-UP, AND PRACTISED SPEAKING IN A DIFFERENT VOICE!
Di tried out her disguise on the Head Waiter.
OOH, MISTER CANELONI— WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO WITH ALL THESE SPOONS?
YOUNG LADY—MY NAME IS CAVALLONE! AND I SUGGEST, THAT SINCE THEY ARE SOUP SPOONS, YOU PUT THEM IN POSITION FOR THE SOUP!

BESIDE THE SOUP BOWLS—NOT PROPPED UP IN THEM!


The party was being given in honour of Miss Mitchell, who was retiring from the children's department.
OOPS—MISS MITCHELL IS WATCHING ME! SHE'S KNOWN ME SINCE I WAS AN INFANT. SHE COULD BE THE FIRST ONE TO SEE THROUGH MY DISGUISE.

WAITRESS! I CAN TELL YOU'RE NOT ON DEMPSTER'S REGULAR STAFF. COME OVER HERE!

LET ME SEE TO YOUR CAP. THERE! THAT'S BETTER.
THIS IS MY LUCKY DAY! INSTEAD OF GIVING MY SECRET AWAY, DEAR OLD MITCH IS ACTUALLY HELPING ME.

Just then, Mr Dempster arrived.
NOW—BEFORE WE MAKE THE PRESENTATION TO OUR HONOURED GUEST THIS EVENING—SHALL WE SIT DOWN AND DINE?
AN EXCELLENT IDEA, MR DEMPSTER—
HOORAY—DAD HASN'T SEEN THROUGH MY DISGUISE YET.

Di went to serve the soup—and almost dropped it over her father!
BUT HE SOON WILL—IF I POUR SOUP DOWN THE BACK OF HIS NECK! I'D BETTER WATCH MY STEP.

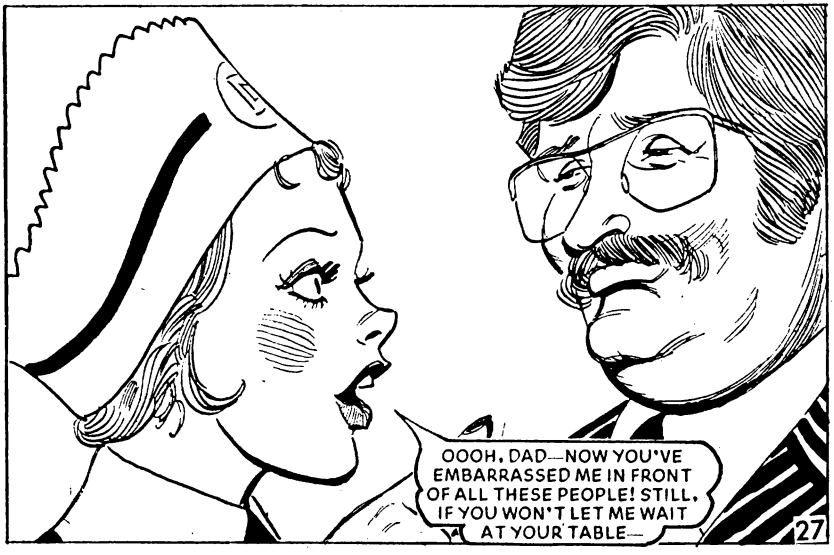
Half an hour later.
DAD STILL HASN'T TWIGGED MY DISGUISE! DRAMA SCHOOL, HERE I COME.

But then—
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—FRIENDS! MAY I BE ALLOWED A FEW WORDS?

WE'RE ALL HERE THIS EVENING TO HONOUR A VERY SPECIAL LADY. I THINK I CAN SAY WITH CONFIDENCE, THAT GENERATIONS OF GIRLS AND BOYS WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER WITH AFFECTION, THEIR FIRST VISIT TO THE CHILDREN'S WEAR DEPARTMENT—

—WHEN MISS MITCHELL GAVE THEM A FLUFFY TOY TO PLAY WITH, SO THEY SHOULDN'T GET FRETFUL AND BORED WHILE THEIR MEASUREMENTS WERE BEING TAKEN—
OH, YES! I REMEMBER—SNIFF!

MANY GENERATIONS I SAY— INCLUDING MY OWN DAUGHTER DI, HERE—WHO THOUGHT SHE COULD FOOL ME WITH HER IMPERSONATION OF A WAITRESS, UNTIL SHE STOPPED ACTING TO SHED A SENTIMENTAL TEAR—


OOOH, DAD—NOW YOU'VE EMBARRASSED ME IN FRONT OF ALL THESE PEOPLE! STILL, IF YOU WON'T LET ME WAIT AT YOUR TABLE—

—AT LEAST LET ME PRESENT THIS GIFT, TO ONE OF MY FAVOURITE PEOPLE, MISS MITCHELL.
WELL SAID, DI DEMPSTER—

The remainder of the evening passed very pleasantly—but Di was still no further forward, as far as her Dad's challenge was concerned.
FOILED AGAIN, EH?
'FRAID SO, CHARLIE. LOOKS LIKE I'LL NEVER FOX DAD.

But Di quickly brightened up.
BUT I'M NOT BEATEN YET! THOSE DUST COVERS OVER THE FASHION DUMMIES HAVE GIVEN ME AN IDEA!

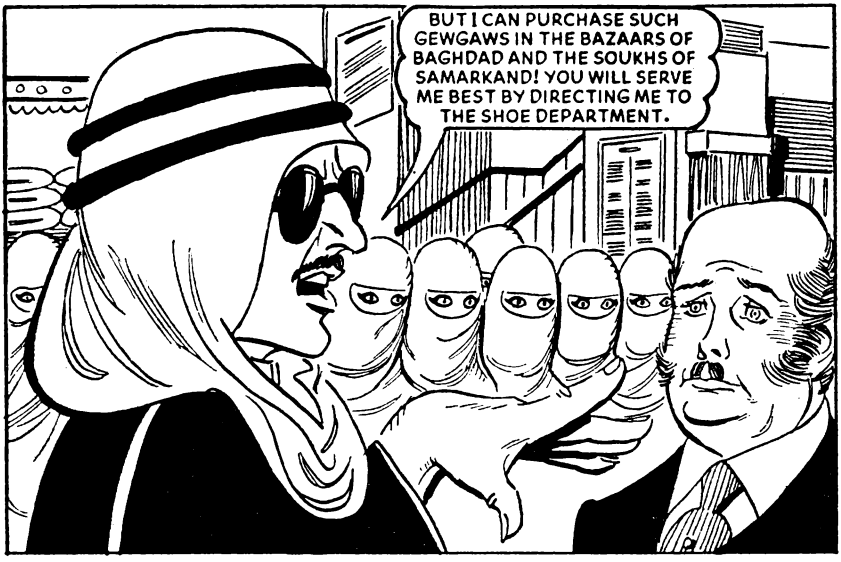
At home, Di looked out her theatrical make-up box.
NOW. I'M GOING TO NEED SOME SPECIAL MAKE-UP EFFECTS. AT LEAST. AROUND THE EYES.

A few minutes later.
YES. THAT SHOULD DO THE TRICK! NOW TO MAKE MY DISGUISE!

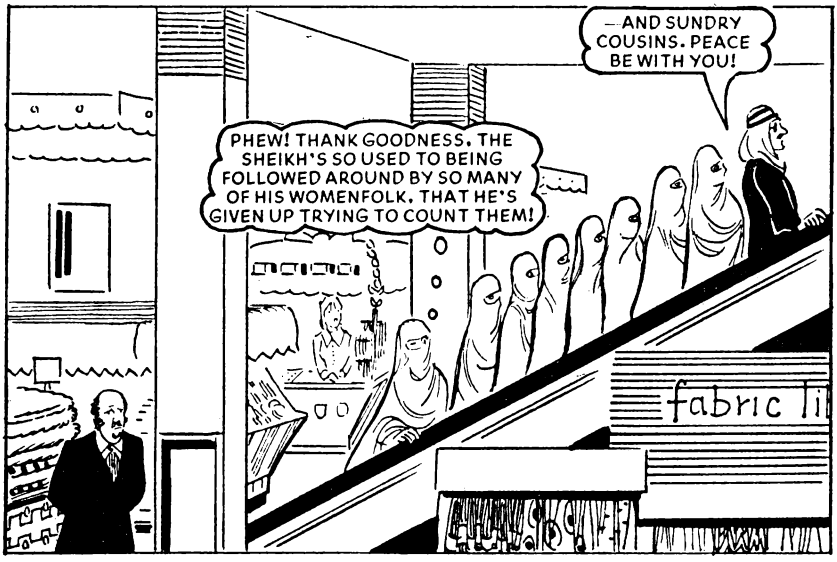
Two days later.
AHH, NOW'S MY CHANCE!
MPSTERS

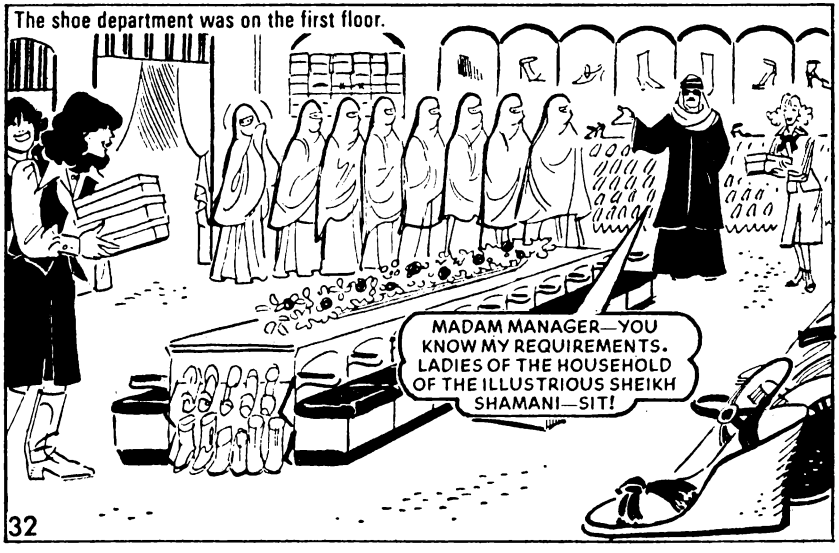
OKAY, DAD I DEFY YOU TO RECOGNISE ME, THIS TIME!
TAX

SHEIKH SHAMANI WHAT GOOD FORTUNE! YOU HAVE ARRIVED AT DEMPSTERS ON THE VERY DAY WHEN MY DEPARTMENT HAS RECEIVED A NEW CONSIGNMENT OF SILKEN FINERY!
MOST INTERESTING, I AM SURE.


BUT I CAN PURCHASE SUCH GEWGAWS IN THE BAZAARS OF BAGHDAD AND THE SOUKHS OF SAMARKAND! YOU WILL SERVE ME BEST BY DIRECTING ME TO THE SHOE DEPARTMENT.

—SO THAT I MAY PURCHASE FOOTWEAR FOR MY WIFE, MY TWO DAUGHTERS AND—
FINGERS CROSSED, FOLKS!


—AND SUNDRY COUSINS. PEACE BE WITH YOU!
PHEW! THANK GOODNESS. THE SHEIKH'S SO USED TO BEING FOLLOWED AROUND BY SO MANY OF HIS WOMENFOLK, THAT HE'S GIVEN UP TRYING TO COUNT THEM!
fabric

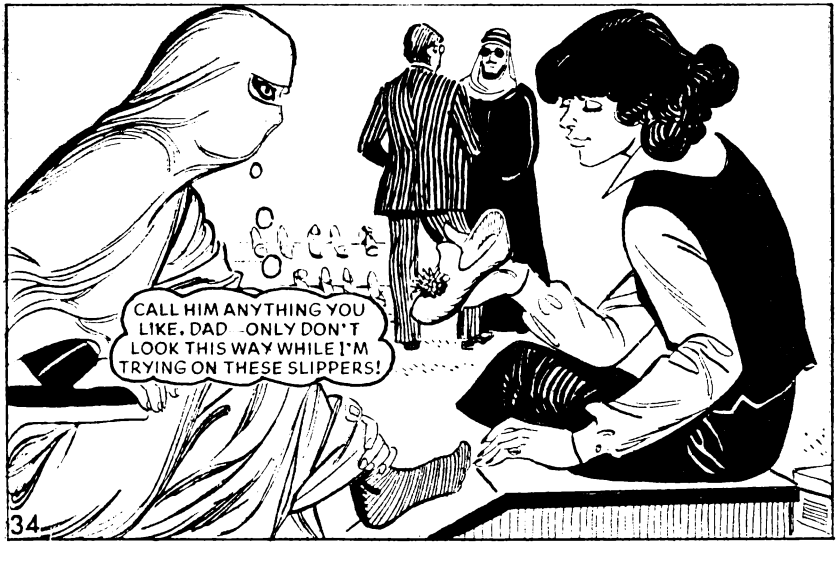

The shoe department was on the first floor.
MADAM MANAGER—YOU KNOW MY REQUIREMENTS. LADIES OF THE HOUSEHOLD OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS SHEIKH SHAMANI—SIT!

HEY—HE'S BUYING ORDINARY SLIPPERS! I THOUGHT THEY'D BE GLAMOROUS EVENING SANDALS, WITH SILVER STRAPS!

NOW, SHEIKH—IF I REMEMBER RIGHTLY, THE SHAMANI LADIES ARE NOTED FOR THEIR DAINTY FEET?
PRECISELY SO! IN TWO HUNDRED YEARS, THE TRADITION HAS REMAINED THE SAME—SIZE THREE HAS BEEN THE LARGEST FITTING REQUIRED BY THEM—

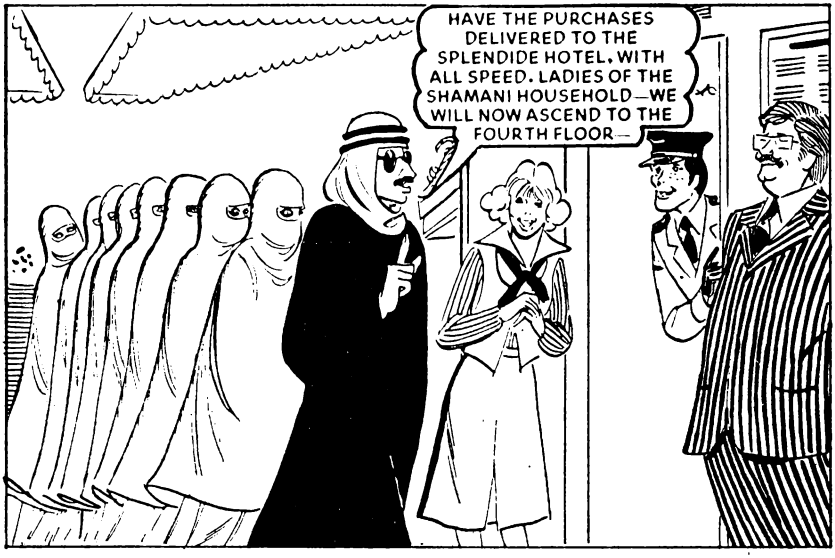
YEE-OWCH! MY DAINTY FOOTSIES ARE—ER—SLIGHTLY TOO LARGE FOR SIZE THREES!

Just then, Mr Dempster arrived to pay his respects to the sheikh.



DO THESE FEEL COMFORTABLE, GRACIOUS COUSIN OF THE SHEIKH?
GOSH, YES—THEY'RE A PERFECT FIT! BUT— HOW? WHY?

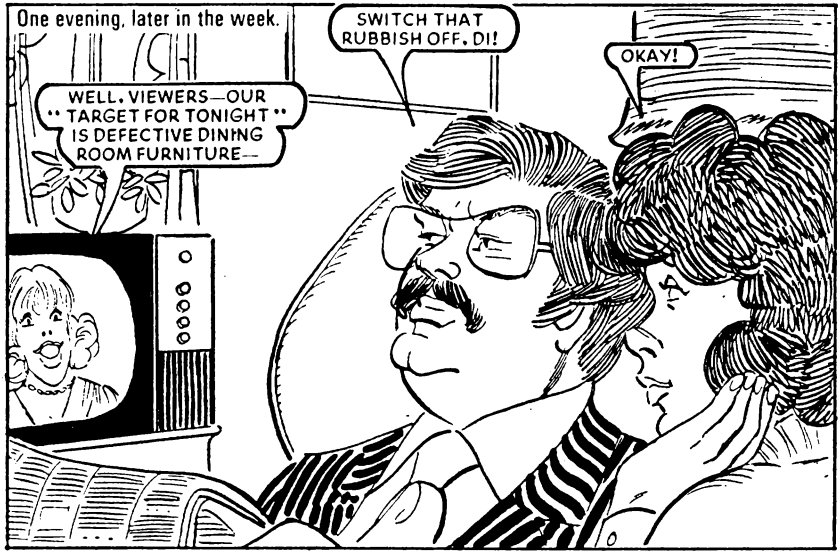
DON'T WORRY! CHARLIE THE LIFT BOY IS MY BROTHER-HE SPOTTED YOU HIDING IN THE DOORWAY OPPOSITE DEMPSTERS MAIN ENTRANCE, AND TOLD ME NOT TO GIVE YOU AWAY.


HAVE THE PURCHASES DELIVERED TO THE SPLENDIDE HOTEL. WITH ALL SPEED. LADIES OF THE SHAMANI HOUSEHOLD—WE WILL NOW ASCEND TO THE FOURTH FLOOR—

SORRY, SIR—ONE OF THE LADIES WILL HAVE TO STAY BEHIND TILL I COME BACK FOR HER. THIS LIFT IS ONLY DESIGNED TO TAKE EIGHT PASSENGERS—
8
PASSENGERS ONLY.
YOU—YOU DARE TO FLOUT THE ORDERS OF THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF SHAMANI?

MR DEMPSTER DISMISS THIS IMPUDENT UNDERLING FORTHWITH!
DADDY - DON'T YOU DARE! I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN. IF YOU DO!

DON'T WORRY, DI - YOU MAY HAVE LOST YOUR CHANCE TO TRICK ME, THIS TIME—BUT I ADMIRE THE WAY YOU STEPPED IN TO DEFEND YOUNG CHARLIE. HIS JOB'S SAFE ENOUGH.
THANKS, DADDY—YOU CAN BE A SWEETIE, SOMETIMES, YOU REALLY CAN!
BUT THAT WON'T STOP ME FROM DREAMING UP ANOTHER SUPER DISGUISE! JUST YOU WAIT AND SEE!


One evening, later in the week.
WELL, VIEWERS—OUR "TARGET FOR TONIGHT" IS DEFECTIVE DINING ROOM FURNITURE—
SWITCH THAT RUBBISH OFF, DI!
OKAY!

DAD CAN'T BEAR WATCHING THESE RESEARCH PROGRAMMES—BUT I'M DELIGHTED TO SAY, HE'S JUST GIVEN ME A GREAT IDEA!

Another visit to the charity shop provided Di with the costume she needed for her next disguise—including a large wig!

NOW. ALL I NEED TO PRACTISE IS THE CONFIDENT SMILE OF A TV INTERVIEWER—

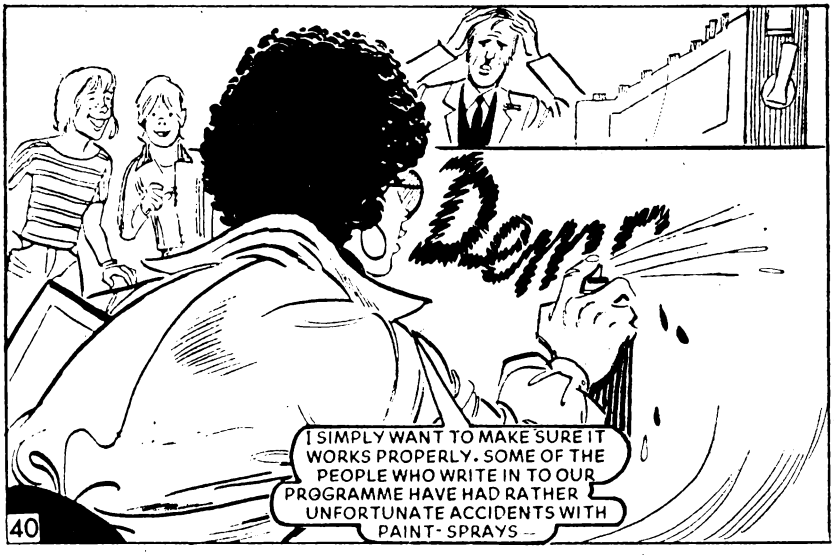
GOOD MORNING, GOOD MORNING, GOOD MORNING! I'M HERE TO RESEARCH A NEW TOPIC FOR OUR "TARGET FOR TONIGHT"!

A short while later, in Dempster's Do-It-Yourself department.

NOW—THE TITLE WE'VE THOUGHT UP FOR OUR LITTLE SHOW IS—"DO IT YOURSELF, IF YOU DARE!"

BUT—S—SURELY YOU'RE NOT SUGGESTING THAT DO-IT-YOURSELF WORK IS D—DANGEROUS?

MY DEAR SIR IT'S UP TO YOU TO PROVE TO OUR VIEWERS THAT IT IS NOT!!
Y--YES—I THINK I UNDERSTAND. BUT – WH-WHAT WERE YOU PLANNING TO DO WITH THAT PAINT-SPRAY?


I SIMPLY WANT TO MAKE SURE IT WORKS PROPERLY. SOME OF THE PEOPLE WHO WRITE IN TO OUR PROGRAMME HAVE HAD RATHER UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENTS WITH PAINT-SPRAYS –

DEMPSTERS
—AND THEY'VE ALSO FOUND THE RUNGS OF ALUMINIUM STEPLADDERS TO BE SOMEWHAT—

SLIPPERY!

As Di had anticipated, the Do-It-Yourself manager had seen enough—
MR DEMPSTER. SIR—THIS "TARGET FOR TONIGHT" WOMAN—YOU'VE GOT TO COME AND S—STOP HER!
WHAT'S SHE DOING NOW? WELL, SIR —I THINK SHE'S TRYING TO TEST WHETHER OUR READY-PASTED WALLPAPERS REALLY ARE "SO SIMPLE THAT EVEN A CHILD CAN HANDLE THEM".
AND I THINK SHE'S JUST MANAGED TO PROVE THAT THEY AREN'T!

MAY I ASK, MADAM, THE REASON FOR THE HAVOC YOU ARE CAUSING IN MY STORE?
CERTAINLY, SIR! I THOUGHT IT'D BE BETTER FOR THESE ACCIDENTS TO HAPPEN HERE, AND NOT IN THE HOMES OF YOUR CUSTOMERS. DIDN'T I, FOLKS?
THAT'S RIGHT!

" TARGET FOR TONIGHT " IS A VERY IMPORTANT AND VALUABLE PROGRAMME—DON'T YOU AGREE, SIR?
ER, YES—YES INDEED—

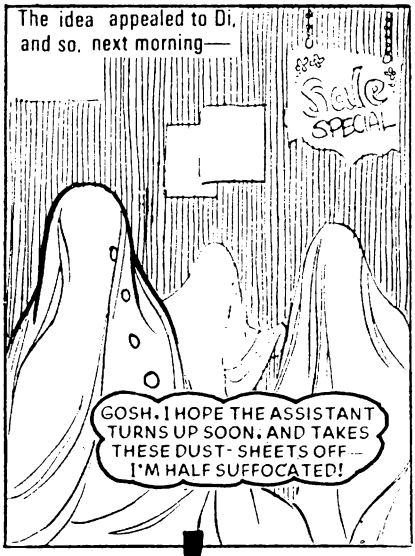
DAD CAN'T DISAGREE! HE PRACTICALLY INVENTED THE PHRASE, "THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT!"
THAT'S WHY I'VE DECIDED TO PAINT MY FIFTEEN-ROOMED HOUSE WITH WHITE EMULSION FROM DILLERS STORE, INSTEAD OF RISKING DISASTER WITH THOSE NEW-FANGLED WALLPAPERS —
GULP—DAD'S GOING TO LOSE A BIG ORDER TO A RIVAL—AND IT'S ALL MY FAULT—

NO—PLEASE SIR—DON'T DO THAT! READY-PASTED IS EASY TO USE, SO LONG AS YOU HANDLE IT PROPERLY—
WATCH!

I AM WATCHING, DI LOVE.

AND THOUGH YOU STILL HAVEN'T CONVINCED ME THAT YOU OUGHT TO GO TO DRAMA SCHOOL—I'M PROUD TO KNOW YOU'VE REALLY GOT THE INTERESTS OF DEMPSTER'S DEPARTMENT STORE AT HEART!

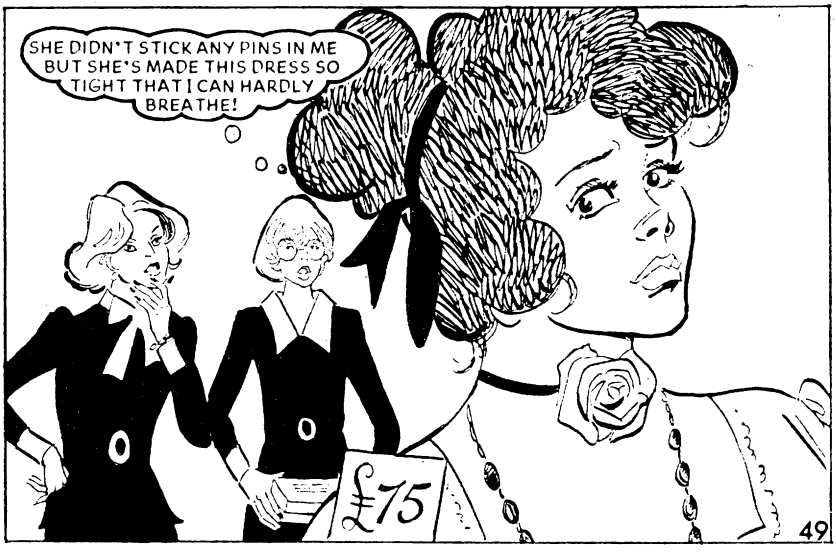
It was Charlie, the lift boy, who came up with a suggestion for Di's next disguise.


The idea appealed to Di, and so, next morning—
Sale SPECIAL
GOSH. I HOPE THE ASSISTANT TURNS UP SOON. AND TAKES THESE DUST-SHEETS OFF— I'M HALF SUFFOCATED!

£75
AT LAST! NOW ALL I'VE GOT TO WORRY ABOUT IS SUFFERING FROM PINS AND NEEDLES FROM STANDING STILL LIKE THIS.

But that wasn't Di's only worry!
IF YOU ARRANGED THE CERISE SATIN DRESS ON THAT DUMMY, YOUNG LADY, YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF! THE LINE IS ALL WRONG -PIN IT INTO SHAPE IMMEDIATELY, PLEASE!
£75

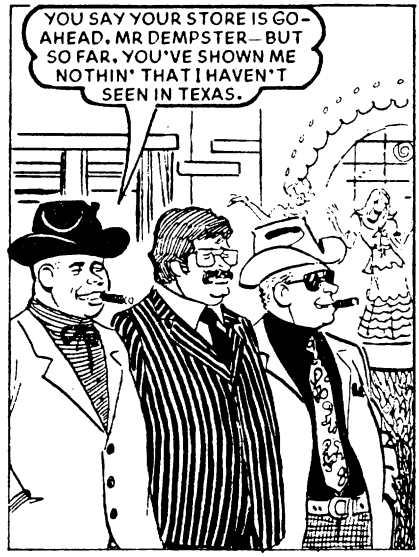
YEEE-IKES!


SHE DIDN'T STICK ANY PINS IN ME BUT SHE'S MADE THIS DRESS SO TIGHT THAT I CAN HARDLY BREATHE!
£75

Soon the dress department was full of customers.
MUMMY, MUMMY! LOOK AT THE PRETTY PINK DRESS!
IF YOU DROP THAT ICE CREAM ON ME, LITTLE GIRL, I SHALL SCREAM— I SHAN'T BE ABLE TO HELP MYSELF.

COME AWAY—IT'S TOO EXPENSIVE FOR ME, DENISE—
THANK GOODNESS FOR THAT—
O O O

'COS I'VE JUST BEGUN TO WONDER WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF ONE OF THE CUSTOMERS WANTS TO TAKE THIS DRESS TO THE CHANGING ROOMS, AND TRY IT ON!


YOU SAY YOUR STORE IS GO-AHEAD, MR DEMPSTER— BUT SO FAR, YOU'VE SHOWN ME NOTHIN' THAT I HAVEN'T SEEN IN TEXAS.

OH, I DUNNO, HACKENBACKER — SOME O' THESE FASHION DUMMIES ARE KINDA LIFELIKE. THIS ONE'S GOT REAL HAIR, F'R INSTANCE
QUICK, TAKE THAT CIGAR AWAY! IT'S MAKING ME WANT TO—

SNEEZE—AT-TISH-OOOOO!
DI!

MR DEMPSTER, SIR— YOU KNOW THIS GIRL?
UNFORTUNATELY... YES.

"UNFORTUNATELY" HE CALLS IT? THIS SURE IS DIFFERENT! THE BEST GIMMICK I'VE SEEN IN YEARS. GET ME A 'PHONE!

THAT YOU, LOU? LOU I GOT ME A GREAT IDEA THAT'S GONNA MAKE HACKENBACKER'S STORE THE GREATEST IN TEXAS! YEAH THAT'S RIGHT... LIVIN' DUMMIES!
EH? I THOUGHT IT WAS MY IDEA.

TELEPHONE
SSSH! TIME YOU TIPTOED AWAY TO THE CHANGING ROOMS AND REMOVED YOUR DISGUISE, YOUNG LADY—

—THAT'S BETTER! NOW I CAN TREAT YOU TO SOMETHING SPECIAL IN DEMPSTER'S ICE CREAM PARLOUR.

BECAUSE, EVEN IF YOUR "PERFORMANCE" THIS MORNING WASN'T QUITE UP TO SCRATCH—
SABOTAGED BY A SNEEZE! YUKK!

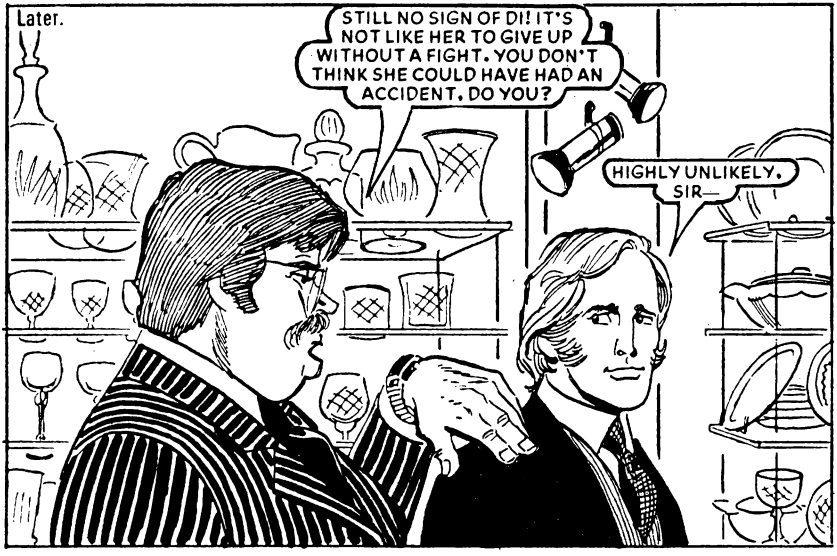
—YOU DID MANAGE TO PERSUADE THOSE TEXANS TO DO A BIG DEAL WITH DEMPSTERS, "BRITAIN'S MOST GO-AHEAD STORE"!

Finally, only one day remained for Di to outwit her father.

False alarms soon followed.
NO. JENNER—THAT IS NOT MY DAUGHTER IN DISGUISE. THAT IS ONE OF OUR MOST ESTEEMED OVERSEAS CUSTOMERS—
THE MAHARANEE OF MEERAPHUR.
SUCH A JOY TO SEE YOU, MR DEMPSTER! BUT I WONDER WHY YOU ARE EXAMINING THAT SPOTTED SILK SO CLOSELY? MYSELF, I DO NOT THINK IT WOULD SUIT YOU TO WEAR A SARI, LIKE ME!
Then—
THERE SHE IS, MR D.
BEEN HANGING AROUND OUR DEPARTMENT NEARLY TWENTY MINUTES. SHE HAS

ALL RIGHT, YOUNG LADY— THE GAME'S UP!

STORE DETECTIVE, ARE YOU, MISTER? THEN I'LL COME QUIETLY. I TOLD MY HUBBY THESE RUGS WOULD BE TOO DIFFICULT TO PINCH, BUT 'E WOULDN'T LISTEN!


Later.
STILL NO SIGN OF DI! IT'S NOT LIKE HER TO GIVE UP WITHOUT A FIGHT. YOU DON'T THINK SHE COULD HAVE HAD AN ACCIDENT, DO YOU?
HIGHLY UNLIKELY, SIR—

BUT IF HE DOESN'T LOOK WHERE HE'S GOING, WE'LL HAVE AN ACCIDENT HERE. HE'S SO DEEP IN THOUGHT HE DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE HE BRUSHED AGAINST THESE DISHES!

Restlessly, Di's father moved from floor to floor.
GOING DOWN, SIR?
NO. THANK YOU, CHARLIE. I THINK I'LL CHECK THE EMERGENCY STAIRS NEXT.
Until, at last, there were only five minutes left before closing time.
WHERE IS SHE? WHERE IS SHE?
YOU'RE A FRIEND OF MY DAUGHTER'S. HAVE YOU BEEN HIDING HER?
ME, SIR?

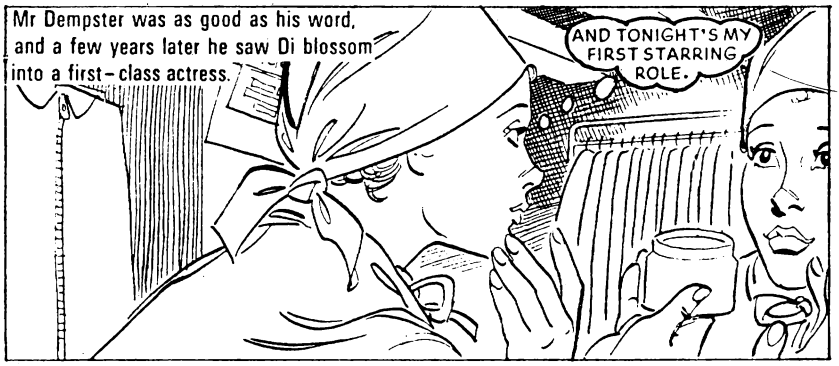
But then—
I GOT IT! THEY'VE SIGNED ME ON!
OH—

THAT'S MARVELLOUS, CHARLIE I'M SO PLEASED FOR YOU.
COR! I DIDN'T EVEN SPOT YOUR DAD, STANDIN' THERE!

YOU, DI? HAVE YOU BEEN ACTING AS THE LIFT BOY ALL DAY?
THAT'S RIGHT, DAD. ONLY IT WASN'T CHARLIE'S FAULT—I SUGGESTED IT, WHEN HE TOLD ME A LOCAL FOOTBALL TEAM WAS INTERESTED IN HIM, AND HE WAS NERVOUS ABOUT ASKING FOR TIME OFF TO GO FOR A TRIAL.
TROUBLE IS—NOW I'VE BLOWN MY LAST CHANCE, HAVEN'T I? STEPPED OUT OF CHARACTER AND LET YOU SEE THROUGH MY DISGUISE?

YOU CALL THAT A FAILURE? AFTER MANAGING TO FOOL YOUR OLD DAD, TIME AFTER TIME, FROM MORNING TILL NIGHT? WELL, I CALL THAT A GREAT SUCCESS!

AND I PROPOSE TO REWARD YOU BY SENDING YOU TO DRAMA SCHOOL TO IMPROVE YOUR OBVIOUS TALENTS—
HONESTLY, DAD? OOOH, I COULD HUG YOU!



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Young Syrie Maxwell is the only person in her family who has no musical ability, then suddenly, she find that she has a beautiful singing voice!

What has happened to bring about this baffling change?

The amazing answer is in:—

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